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with it. He shows honesty in other ways. Often I trusted Indians with a silver dollar or two for corn to be delivered a few days later, and never was I disappointed by them. On the other hand, they are chary of selling anything to a stranger. When a Mexican wants to buy a sheep, or some corn, or a girdle, the Tarahumare will first deny that he has anything to sell. What little he has, he likes to keep for himself and he considers it a favor to part with any of his belongings for money. A purchase, however, establishes a kind of brotherhood between the two negotiants, who afterward call each other "Naragua," and a confidence is established between them almost of the same character as that which exists between compadres among the Mexicans.

From "Unknown Mexico," by Carl Lumholtz; copyright, 1902; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Cezanne and Zola

By Ambroise Vollard

"DO you like the Goncourts?" I asked Cezanne. "I liked Manette Salomon very much once, but I have read no more of that brand from the moment that the widow, as somebody put it, started to write alone!"

He resumed: "So I was calling but rarely on Zola—for it used to pain me much to see him turned so flighty*—when one day the servant told me that his master was at home for nobody. I do not believe that these orders concerned me, especially; nevertheless, I made my visits even less frequent. . . . And soon after Zola published 'L'Oeuvre.'"

Cezanne remained a moment without speaking, re-seized by the past; then he continued:

"One cannot exact, of a man who does not know, that he say reasonable things on the art of painting, but Good Lord!"—and Cezanne commenced to tap like a deaf man upon a table,—"how can he dare say that a painter kills himself because he has made a

*Gnolle.

bad picture? When a picture is not achieved, one chuck's it into the fire and begins another!"

While he was speaking, Cezanne paced the studio back and forth like a caged beast. Suddenly he stopped, and, seizing a portrait of himself that he had taken off the frame to enlarge the canvas, attempted to tear it; but as his fingers were trembling and he had not at hand the palette-knife, so precious for this sort of execution, he made a roll of the canvas, broke it upon his knee and thrust it in the chimney!

"But how could Zola, who has spoken of you to me in terms so affectionate, so full of emotion." . . .

The destruction of his picture had calmed Cezanne. He was gazing at me with eyes wherein there was no anger any more, but a great sadness.

"Listen a bit, M. Vollard, I must tell you! I had ceased calling on Zola, but I could not mould myself to the idea that he no longer had any friendship for me. When I took lodgings rue Ballu, beside his hotel, it was already a good long time that we had not seen each other, but living so near him, I was hoping that chance would cause us to meet, and that he would greet me." . . .

"Finding myself, later, at Aix, I heard that Zola had arrived there recently. I imagined, rightly, that he did not dare come to see me, but how continue to think of the past? Understand a bit, M. Vollard, my dear Zola was at Aix! I forgot all, L'Oeuvre and a good many other things, such as that confounded wench of a servant-maid who used to look at me sideways while I was wiping my feet on the mat before entering Zola's salon. I was, at that moment, full upon a subject. I had a study in hand that was not shaping up badly, but I didn't give a damn about my study! Zola was at Aix. Without even taking the time to pack, I ran to the hotel where he was stopping, but a comrade I crossed on the way reported to me that someone had said, before him, to Zola: 'Are you going to dine with Cezanne?' and that Zola had answered: 'What is the use of seeing that failure again?' So I returned to my subject."

Cezanne's eyes were full of tears. He blew his nose noisily, to cover his emotion, and said:

"You see, M. Vollard, Zola was not a bad sort, but he lived under the influences of the day."

Translated by Enrique Cross.

